

myself restful

i am myself restful
water i am hot melting ice
& trying to spit a smile
out from behind my teeth
beach white with sand
i am cold freezing water
& sitting with
candle light on the left
& a defrosting refrigerator
on the right & the crystals in
my central globe tell me if
there is bad breath
don't unplug the air
mattress in a tight room
i am myself restful
water

song for sue's dreams

red apples bite
the tart skin on the left
side of a two legged
snake, & the snake
turns tail & eats
the apples with cheese
& red wine for desert;
& the turning toward
the tail is left.

now, yellow apples
must be eaten with
light cheese & white
wine, & they don't
need snakes to
bite. yellow apples
don't hang up in the blue sky;
yellow apples ain't
chickens -- they just hang
around the tree till
they get ripe
& fall off.

-- Don Gray

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